

CHIFFON AND HOMESPUN

By FANNIE BEASLIP LEA

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ant look in his eyes, and he bent to lay his hand on hers where it held the reins.

Janet swerved suddenly. "Take care," she said hurriedly. "We've ridden into the returning congregation of Brierson's church."

Burke followed her with an unuttered impatience.

"What are they having church on a week day for anyhow?" he demanded aggrievedly.

"Thanksgiving day," said Janet, bowing to a gray bearded man on horseback and flinging a smile to the sturdy urchin beside him. They walked their horses slowly through the tide of horses and vehicles, then drew rein before the little wooden church with its stunted steeples and weather beaten sides.

"They call it Brierson's, because the old man built it," said Janet in the tone of an obliging guide.

"Oh, brother the church," said Burke impatiently. "We're past the crowd now. Don't fool me any longer, Janet. Why, Janet!" He broke off, his gaze following her to where the door of the little church opened and closed behind a tall man in the rough clothes of the country minister.

Janet's eyes widened, and her cheeks lost their fresh color as the young man, pocketing the church key, came quickly down the path. When he was opposite the pair on horseback he glanced up in frank curiosity, meeting the vivid question of Janet's eyes, and stopped short, pausing under an air of fear.

"Janet," he said hoarsely, and that was all.

Slowly the color crept back over Janet's face, and her eyelids fell before the minister's compelling look.

Burke's glance went from one to the other, and Janet felt its keenness.

"David," she stammered, "I didn't know that you were here. I hain't thought—"

"I've been here for a year now." The minister's eyes were fastened upon her face with the bliss of long starvation.

"They told me you never came home; that you had forgotten us for the city." The glory in his face smote Burke like a physical pain, and he jerked his horse's rein till the creature reared and snorted.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Janet, striving for mastery of the situation. "Mr. Burke, this is David MacAllen, an old friend."

The two men clasped hands in silent hostility on Burke's part and happy abstraction on MacAllen's. He had no eyes save for Janet.

"You've come back to stay," he insisted, laying a firm hand on her bridle rein.

"I think not," murmured Janet. "I don't know." She was visibly distressed.

"Well, convince you," laughed the minister like a happy boy.

Somewhere Burke felt old and worn beside his fresh enthusiasm, and the sight of Janet's trembling uncertainty cut him sharply.

"I'll see you tonight," said MacAllen. They rode on after a little, Janet and Burke, to the red farmhouse and left the minister standing in the mud behind them, the glory of love's ages in his eyes.

"It was an old story, then," said Burke as he lifted Janet from her horse at last.

"I knew him before I ever went to Aunt Jane," said the girl unhappily. "I thought he had forgotten—honestly."

Burke followed her into the house with a philosophic smile curving his lips, albeit a little bitterly. "Many waters cannot quench love nor much chaff smother it," he said sententiously, but the sheen of the sunlight was as dust in his sight, and the hand that selected a cigarette with ostentatious care trembled strangely.

The Mistletoe.

Many conflicting tales have been told about the mistletoe—how it came to be one of Cupid's strongest cards. In the old Norse mythology curses were heaped upon the unlucky plant because it had been the innocent instrument of the death of Baldr the Beautiful, who was beloved by all the gods except Loki, the mischievous maker, who naturally was envious enough to contrive at ways to put Baldr out of the world.

But while the sorrowing gods were heaping curses upon the plant the goddess of love stopped them and, catching up the very plant which had slain Baldr, exhorted them all in memory of the bright, beautiful, gentle god to greet each other whenever they saw it with a kiss.

"Baldr is dead, indeed," she said, "but Baldr's spirit lives, and that spirit is love. Let us use the very thing that killed him as a symbol of love."

She hung the branch up, and one by one the angry gods passed out, hushing their sorrow at his death.

The Day on the Farm.

The boy on the farm should receive encouragement. His is a hard job.

There is nothing under the sun, moon or stars that he is not expected to do from tilling the horses before sunrise to milking the cows after sunset.

At the age of school he escapes some of the drudgery of farm work, but generally finds a pretty good allowance awaiting him when he comes home. In this day of scarce farm help it is a blessing to a farmer to have a boy, or several boys, for that matter, who can help.

It is still more of a blessing to have a boy who does his tasks cheerfully and well. There is not much in this long hours apprenticeship except board and clothes, and so every master should give his son encouragement. Give him some of the farm animals which he can call his own. Let him raise some stock and feed them on his own account. He will consider he is amply repaid then for all the work he does.

If this plan were followed there would be fewer boys wanting to come to town.—Pittsburg Press.

"Well," said Burke confidently when they had passed. There was an exult-

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TWO MEN OF NERVE.

A Dramatic Incident of the Siege of Versoie.

It is doubtful if the soldiers of any nation are braver than those of Russia. It is related of Field Marshal Paskiewich that in the course of the siege of Versoie, being somewhat disengaged by a hot fire from a certain battery, he ordered it to be shelled, but to no purpose. His troops did not seem able to locate the enemy, and their shells had no effect. Finally the field marshal himself galloped forward and sternly commanded:

"What imbecile is in command here?"

"I am," answered an officer who approached.

"Well, captain, I shall degrade you, since you do not know your business. Your shells have no effect."

"True, sir, but it is not my fault. The shells do not ignite."

"Tell that to others. Don't come trying to fool me with such chaff. You will receive your punishment this evening."

The captain coolly took a shell from a pile near by, lit the fuse and, holding it in the palms of his hands, presented it to the marshal, saying:

"See for yourself, sir."

The marshal, folding his arms across his breast, stood looking at the smoking shell. It was a solemn moment. Both men stood motionless, awaiting the result. Finally the fuse burned out, and the captain threw the shell to the ground.

"It's true," remarked the marshal, turning away to consider other measures to silence the enemy's fire.

In the evening, instead of punishment, the captain received the cross of the Order of St. Vladimir.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

The Line as Unvarying as the Pointing of the Pole Needle.

The zero of absolute temperature has long been indicated as a mysterious and important point in two ways. The first is the contraction of gases, which in all known gases operates uniformly as the temperature is lowered. As long as they retain the gaseous state gases shrink in volume so uniformly with each added degree of cold that an exact unvarying line of diminishing volume is established.

This line is an unvarying as the pointing of the needle to the north pole. It cannot be explained any more than the action of the needle can be explained. As the gas is cooled, however, degree by degree it points unerringly by the law of diminishing proportions to a point at which its volume would be nothing. If the shrinkage continued, since the proportion of loss of volume never varies, the gas would shrink to nothingness. It could not do so, of course, and all gases sooner or later fall out of the line by becoming liquid, when the law ceases to operate, and the proportion of contraction in volume ceases to be the same. As long as they remain gases, however—and the law is precisely the same in all gases—they mechanically point their figurative fingers in one direction, and all these figurative fingers indicate a point which is 451 degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

A Trick Act.

Lemaitre, the French actor, was always head over heels in debt despite an enormous salary and was always kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play a well known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre Francais.

"Here is a pawn ticket for you, sir."

"For me?" exclaimed the astonished director.

"Yes, monsieur. It is for 20,000 francs, and I hold M. Lemaitre as security. He cannot leave my place until I have